

# POLICE

WALTON  
COMICS  
1950

I.C.C.  
11

NOVEMBER  
No. 84

COMICS

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES

## PLASTIC MAN

plays a game  
of chance with

**LUCKY  
SEVEN!**



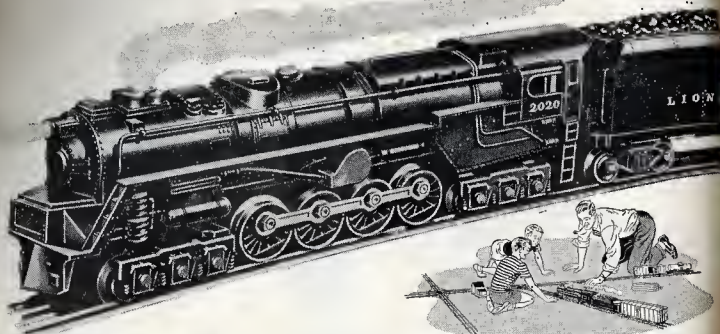




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# LIONEL TRAINS

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# PLASTIC MAN

**Y**ou may think **PLASTIC MAN** has met elusive opponents before! But you haven't seen anything, until you read the exciting tale of **LUCKY SEVEN** .. the seventh son of a seventh son.. and the luckiest son of a gun who ever chose a criminal's career!



*This story begins in a far-off land, where the wise Sheik Kurdu El Shan lay dying...*



MY HOUR APPROACHES! MY FRIENDS, THERE IS ONE LAST REQUEST I MAKE OF YOU!

YOUR LEAST DESIRE IS OUR COMMAND, O SHEIK!



THIS TALISMAN WAS GIVEN TO ME BY MY FATHER! I WAS HIS SEVENTH SON! AT MY DEATH THE TALISMAN WAS TO PASS TO MY SEVENTH SON...

THEN WOULD HE KNOW THE GREAT GOOD FORTUNE THAT ATTENDS THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON... AND OUR TRIBE WOULD PROSPER UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP!

BUT... BUT THE SEVENTH OF YOUR LINE FLED TO AMERICA, LO! THESE MANY YEARS!

THAT IS... MY REQUEST! FIND HIM...AND GIVE HIM...THE TALISMAN...

IT WILL BE DONE, O SHEIK!



THE SHEIK IS DEAD!

LET ME THINK! WHAT WAS HIS SON'S NAME? HADAR, I BELIEVE! YES... IT WAS HADAR!



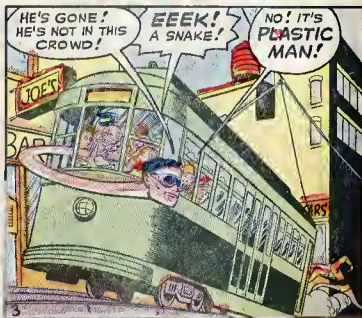
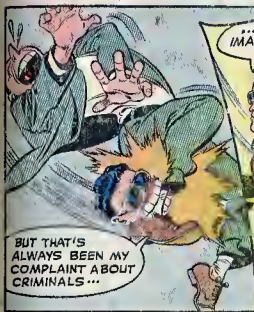
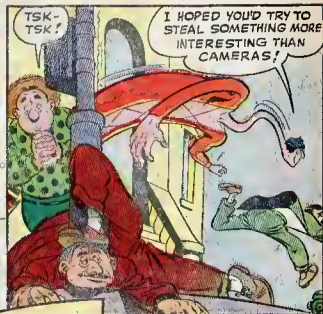
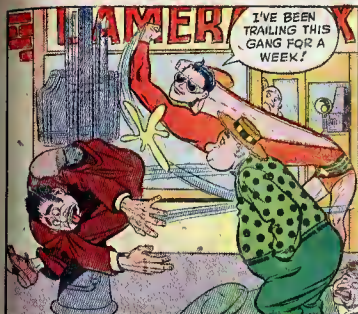
*And this is Hadar, making the most of his opportunities in distant America...*

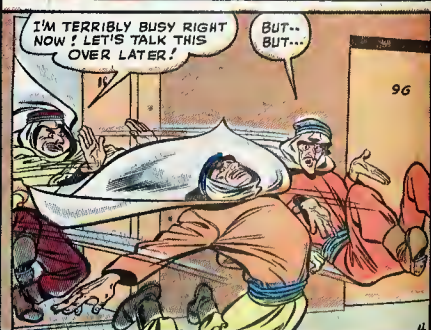


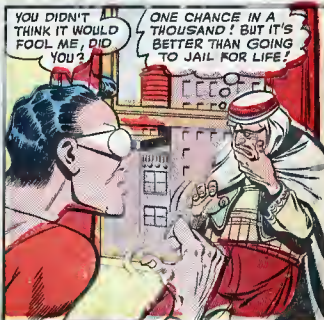
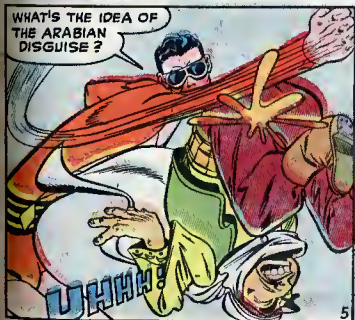
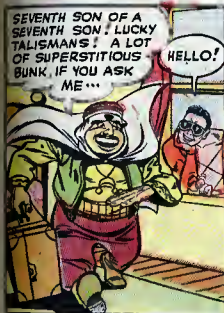
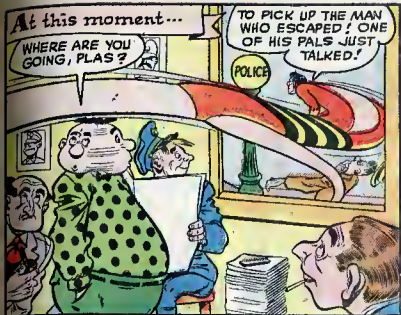
HANG THE LUCK! IT'S PLASTIC MAN!



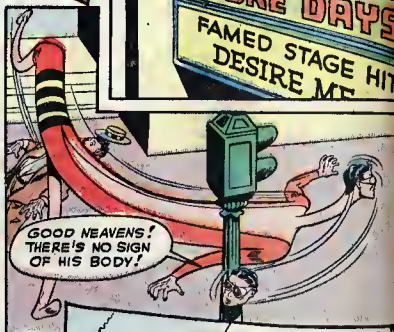
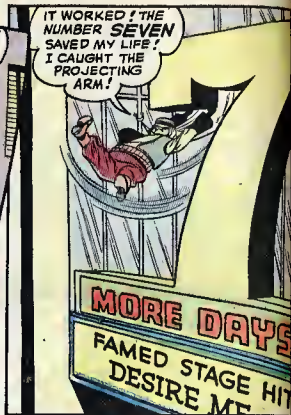






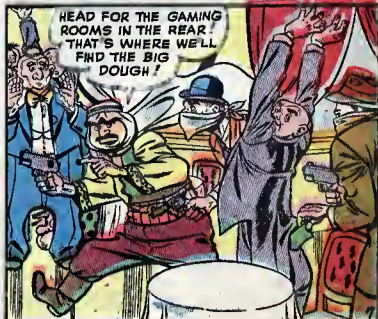
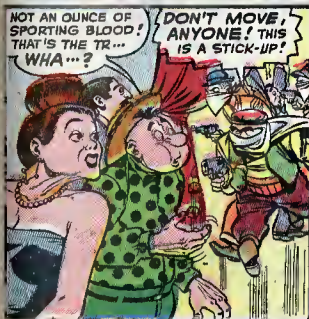
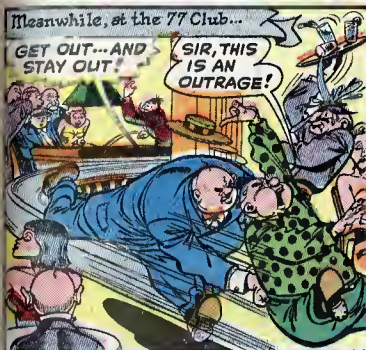
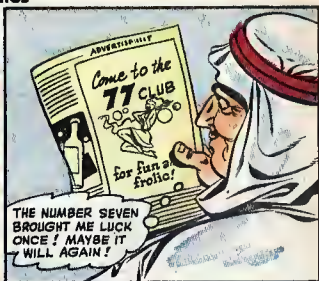






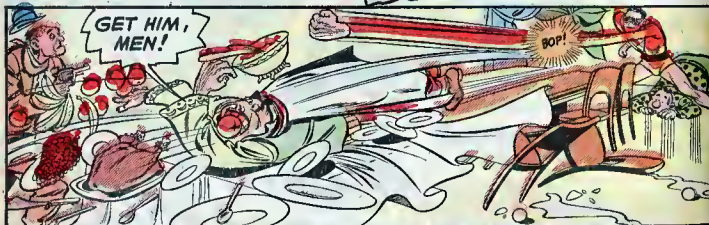
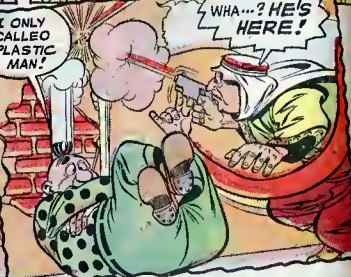
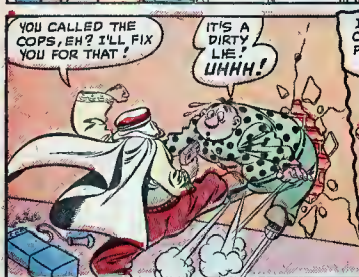
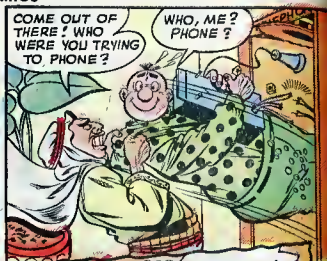
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Plastic Man doesn't know how nearly right he is! For the talisman of Hader has properties even its owner does not suspect...

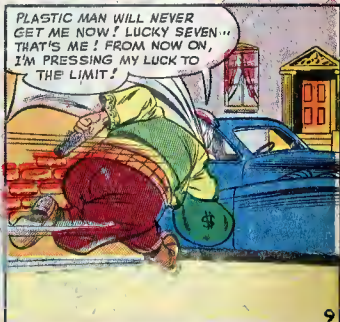
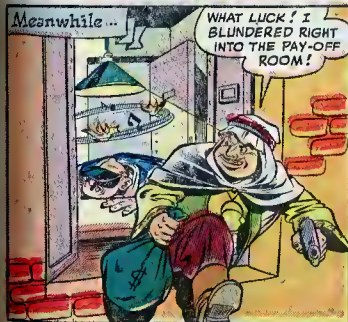
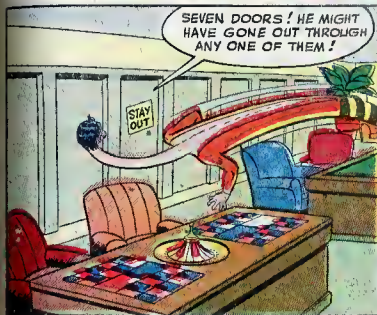
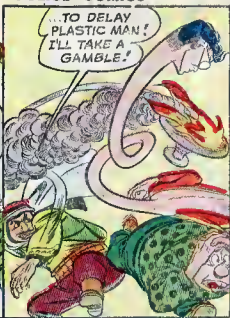
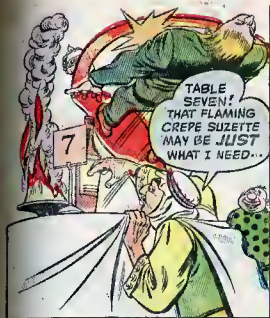




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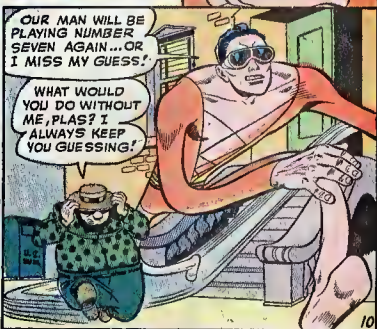
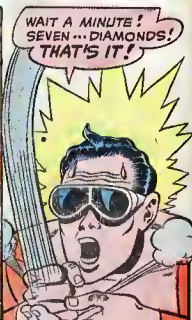
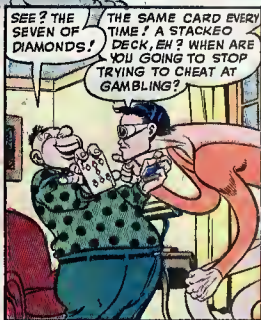
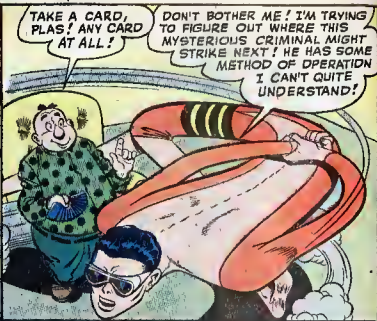
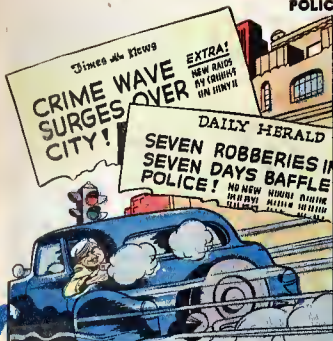


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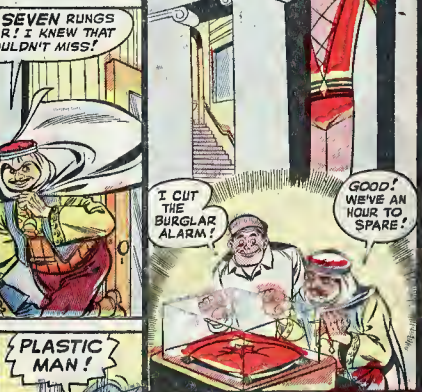
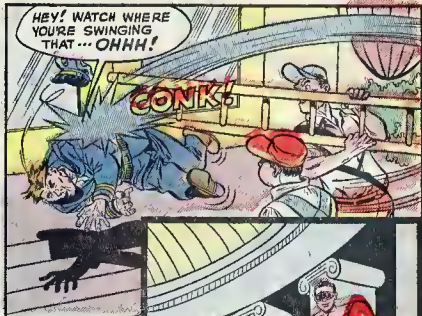
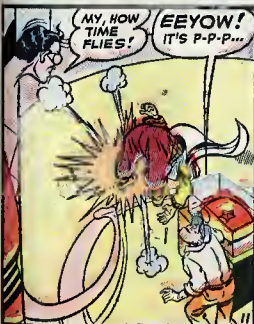
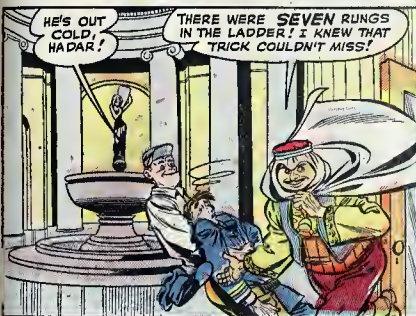


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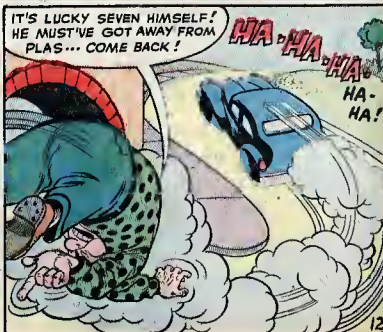
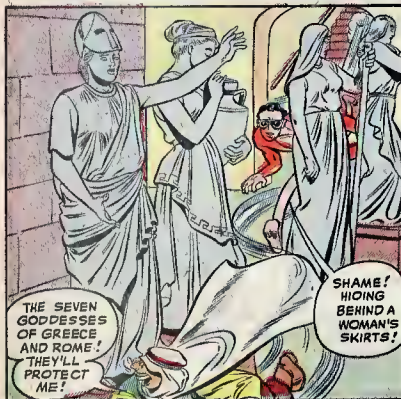
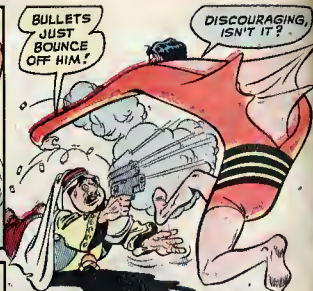
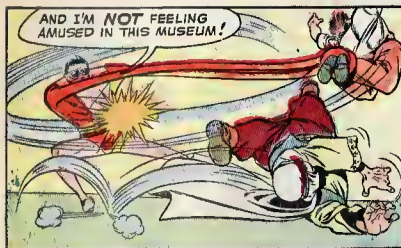
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At the Jewel Gallery...

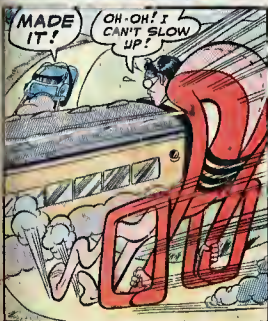
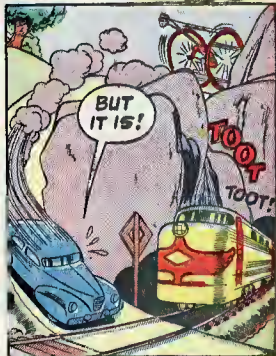
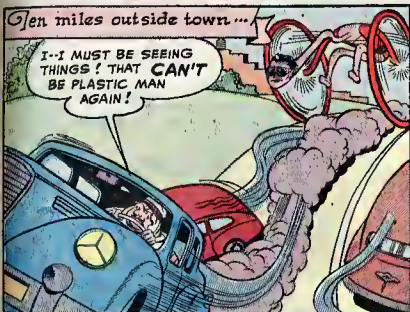
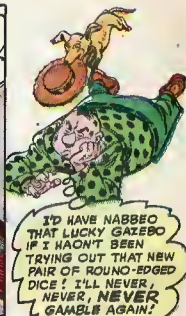




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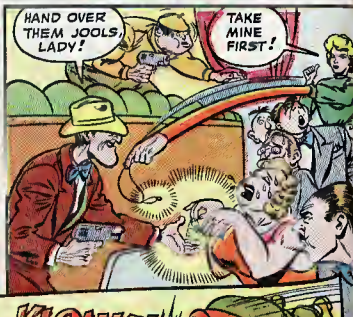
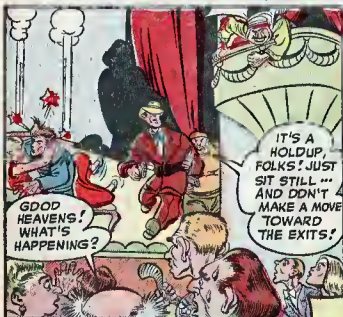
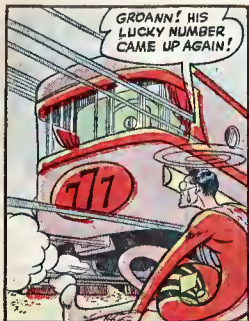


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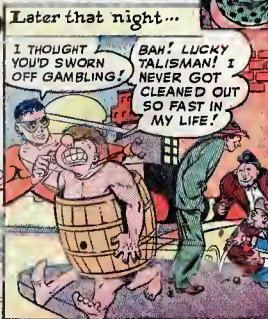
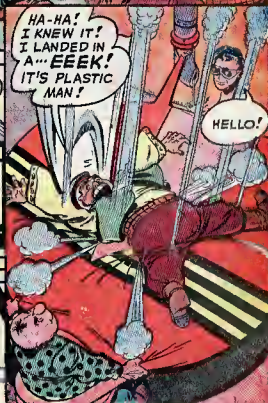




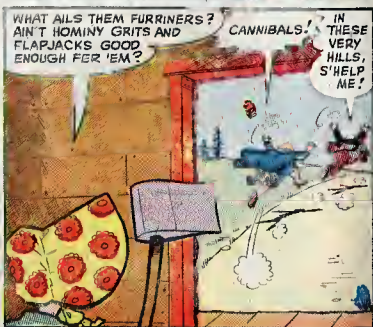
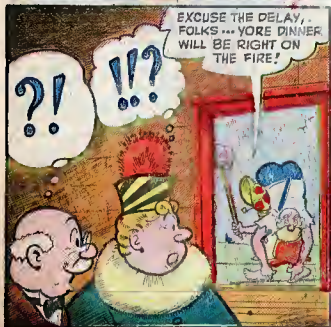
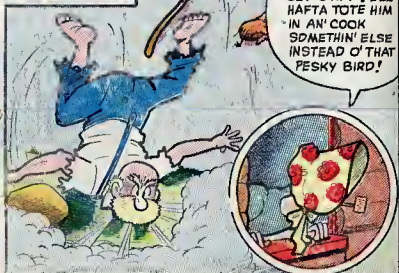
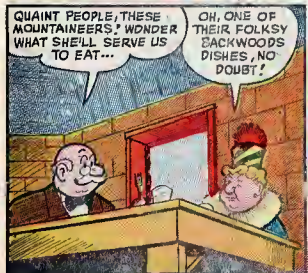
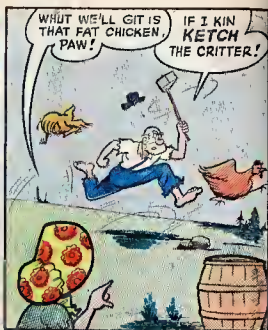
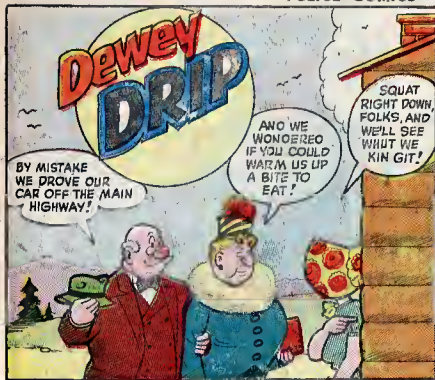
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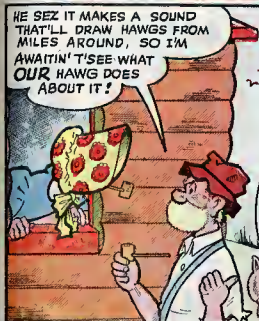
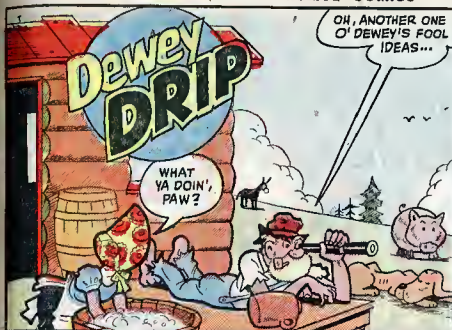


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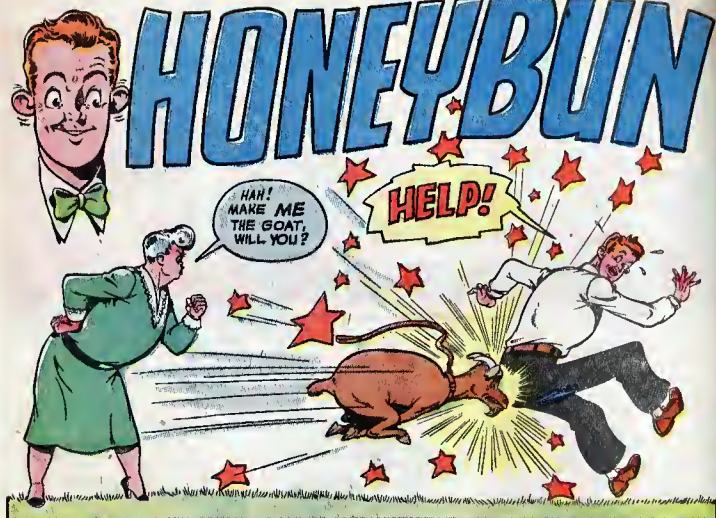


WELL, HE DIDN'T SEEM TO DRAW NO HAWGS..

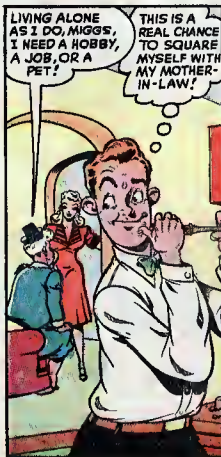




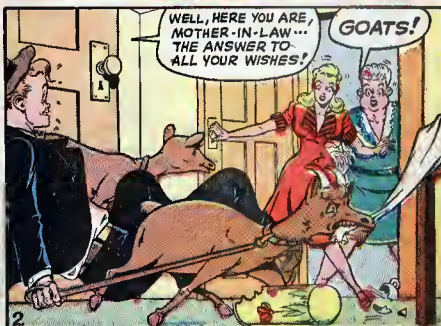
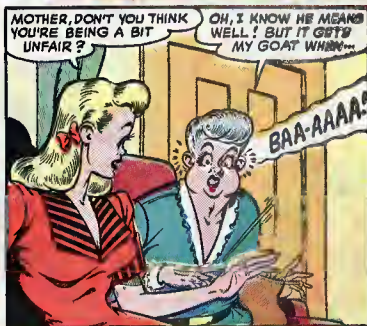
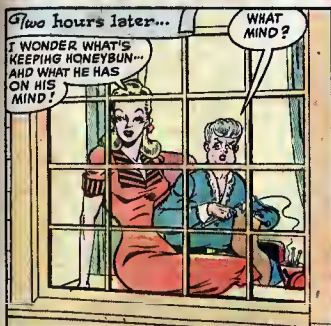
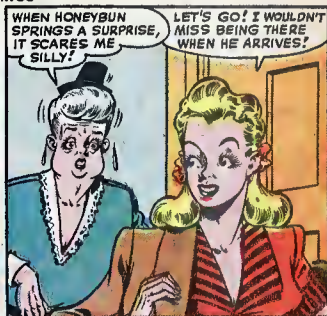
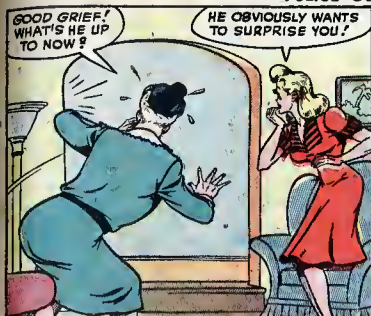
# HONEYBUN



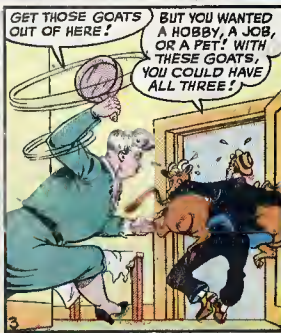
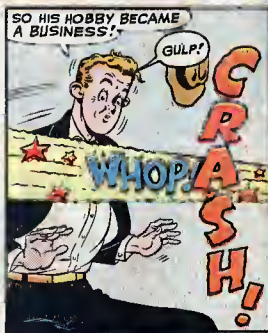
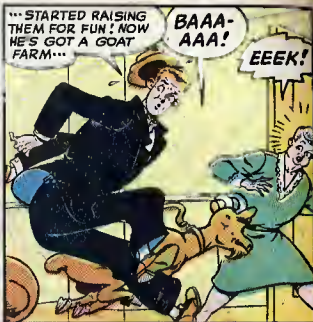
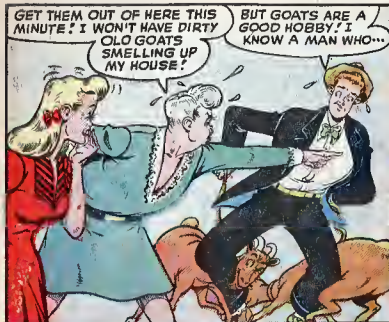
**W**hen his intentions toward mother-in-law are so honorable, why is Honeybun always the one who ends up as the butt of her bad humor?



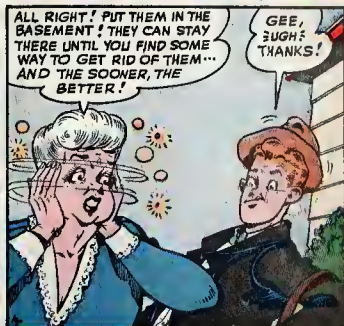
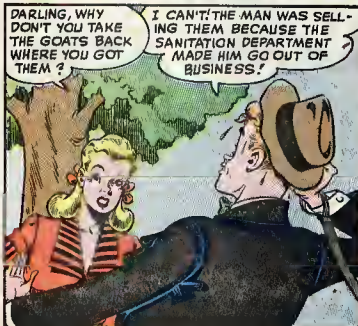
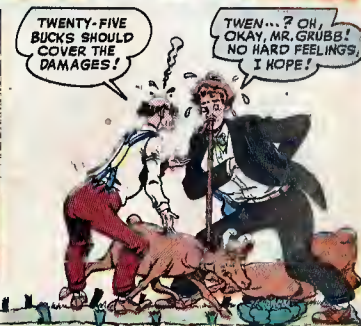
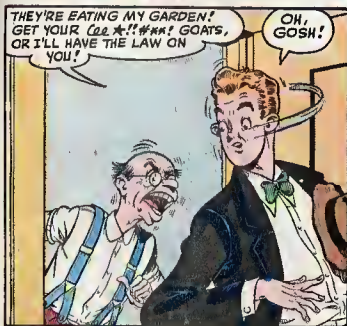
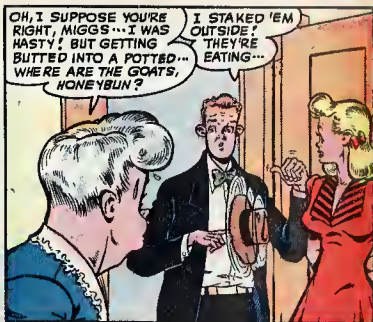
POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS





That evening...

DID YOU FIND  
A BUYER FOR  
THE GOATS?

NO, MIGGS! BUT THE  
S.P.C.A. WILL FIND THEM A  
HOME! I CONTRIBUTED  
TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS  
TOWARD THEIR WORK  
ON THE CASE!

THE TRUCK MIGHT  
PICK THEM UP SOON,  
SO WE'D BETTER  
GET OVER TO YOUR  
MOTHER'S HOUSE!  
GEE, MIGGS, I...

I KNOW! YOU ALWAYS TRY  
TO BE NICE TO MOTHER! IT'S  
JUST THAT EVERYTHING  
TURNS OUT WRONG!

I'LL GET THE GOATS OUT  
OF THE BASEMENT AND  
HAVE THEM READY  
WHEN THE TRUCK  
GETS THERE!

LET'S GO IN THE BACK  
DOOR AND DO IT QUIET-  
LY! MOTHER HAS  
A GUEST THIS  
EVENING... A  
NEW BEAU!

SUGAR, MR.  
AVERY... ER...  
WILLIAM?

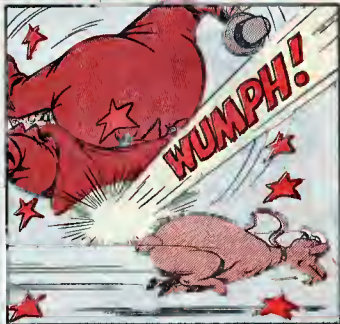
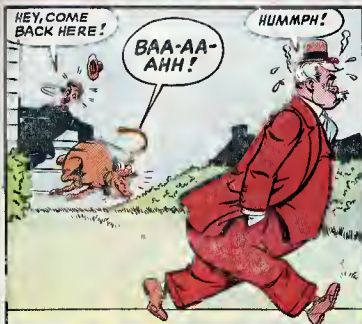
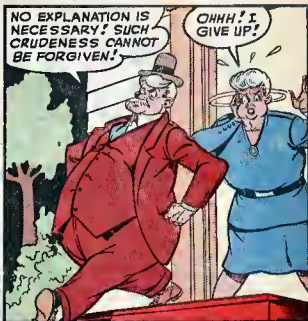
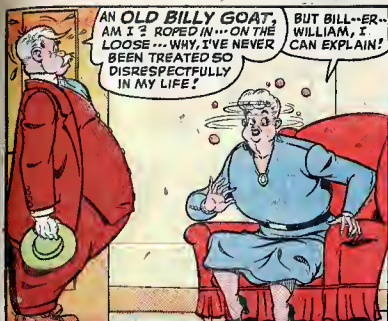
AHEM... ER... AH, WON'T  
YOU CALL ME BILL,  
MRS. WELKIN?

MY FAMILY IS SMALL, WILL...  
ER... BILL! I HAVE ONE  
DAUGHTER, MIGGS, WHO'S  
MARRIED TO A BOY  
NAMED EDGAR  
CRUMPET! WE  
CALL HIM  
HONEYBUN!

WELL, I HOPE  
THEY APPROVE  
OF ME FOR A...  
UM...

COME  
ON, MIGGS!  
HELP ME ROPE  
THE DARNED  
OLD BILLY  
GOAT!

I WILL,  
HONEYBUN!  
WE CAN'T LET  
HIM GET ON THE  
LOOSE AGAIN!





# CANDY

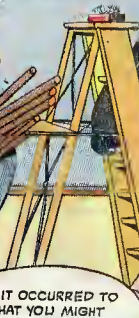
for  
PRESIDENT

PINKY!  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?



WELL, CANDY,  
YOU SAID YOU  
MIGHT NOT GET  
TO THE POLES  
IN TIME, SO I  
BROUGHT THEM  
TO YOU!

To the POLLS



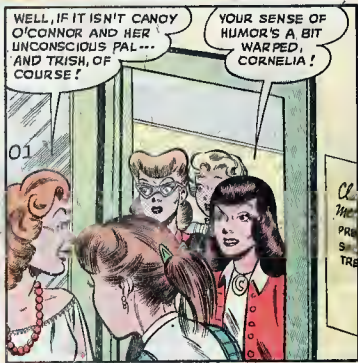
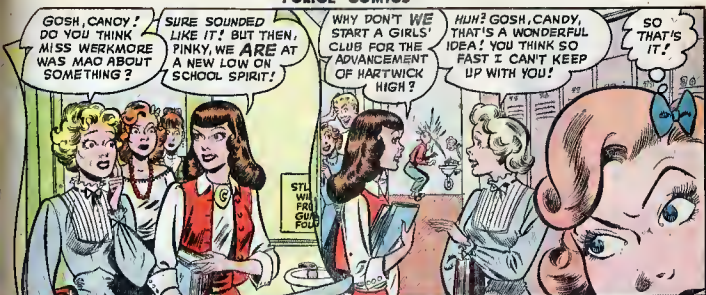
HAS IT OCCURRED TO  
YOU THAT YOU MIGHT  
FORM AN ORGANIZATION  
OTHER THAN A JIVE  
CLUB? CLASS  
'DISMISSED!'

YOUR EXAMS ARE A DISGRACE!  
YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT IS NIL! YOU  
HAVE NO CIVIC INTERESTS! AS  
A CLASS, YOU'RE A FLOP!

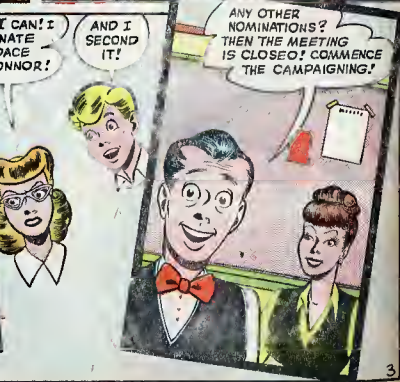
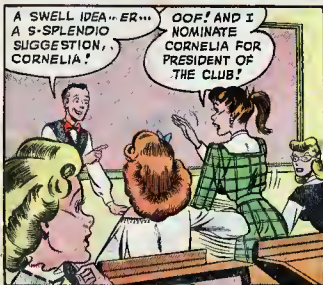
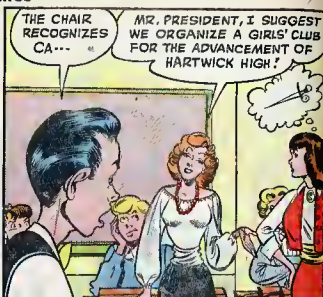
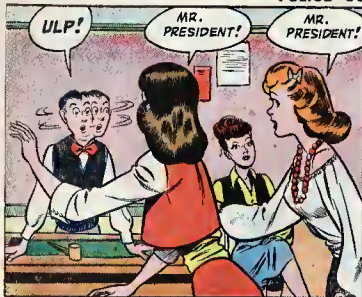
THAT'S  
GIVING IT  
TO US!



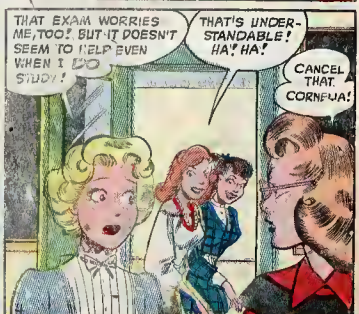
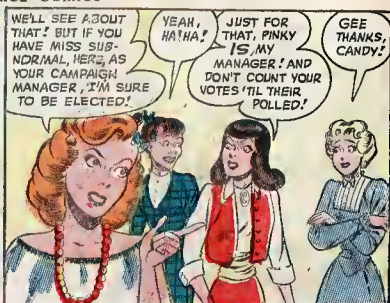
POLICE COMICS





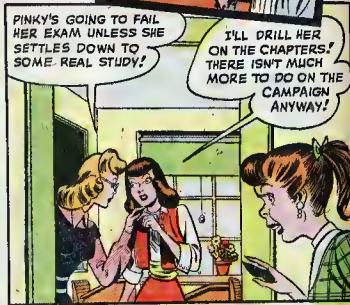
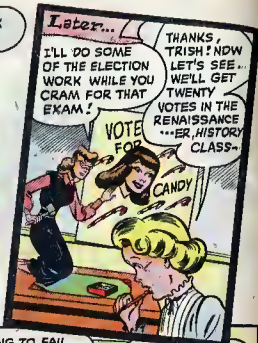
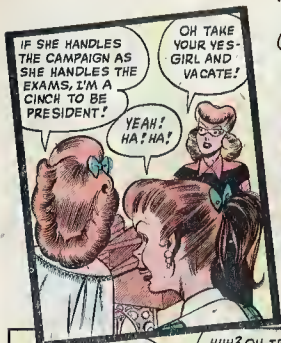


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS

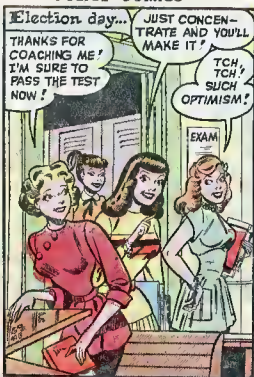


POLICE COMICS



BZZ ZZZ Z'

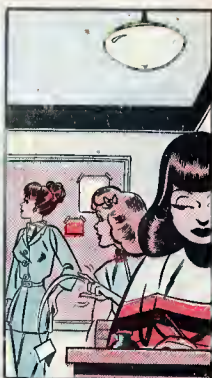
...AND IF SOMETHING WERE TO DISCREDIT CANDY JUST BEFORE THE ELECTION...



Election day... THANKS FOR COACHING ME! I'M SURE TO PASS THE TEST NOW!

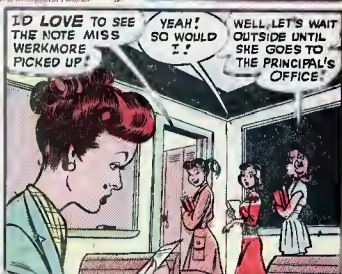
JUST CONCENTRATE AND YOU'LL MAKE IT!

TCH, TCH! SUCH OPTIMISM!



PINKY AND CANDY! TURN IN YOUR PAPERS AND REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!

HUH?



IT'D LOVE TO SEE THE NOTE MISS WERKMORE PICKED UP!

YEAH! SO WOULD I!

WELL, LET'S WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL SHE GOES TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE!



"PINKY, THE ANSWER TO QUESTION TEN IS NO!" AND CANDY SIGNED IT!

WOW, WHEN THIS GETS OUT, CANDY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AT THE ELECTION!

YEAH... ISN'T IT A SHAME?



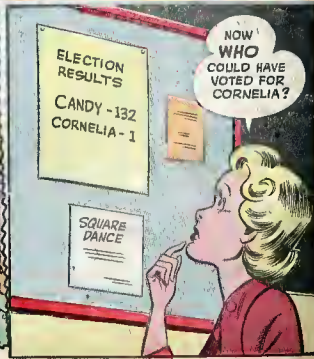
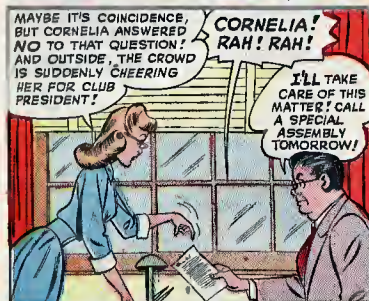
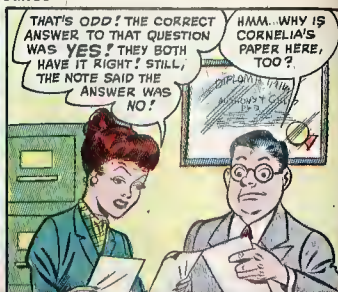
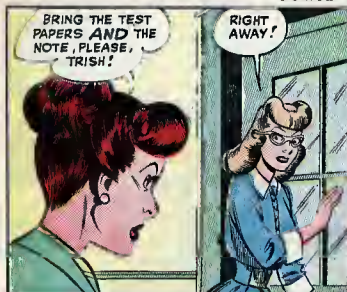
I SAW THE NOTE DROP BETWEEN YOUR DESKS!

BUT I KNEW THE ANSWERS... I STUDIED!

MAY I SEE THE NOTE, MISS WERKMORE?



POLICE COMICS







Commissioner Dolan, Central City's police commissioner, gleans crime clues **EVERYWHERE!**

TELL ME THAT AGAIN, EBONY!

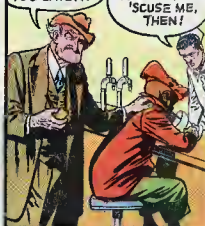
YES, MIST' DOLAN-- I HEARD **ONE** GENT'MUN SAY TO DE OTHA -- "RIFTY, WE'LL TELL DE SPIRIT EVVYTHING!"



AND THIS HAPPENED ON **THE NEXT STREET CORNER?**

DRINK HEARTY EBONY!-- SEE YOU LATER!

THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, KID? 'SCUSE ME, THEN!



THAT'S WHAT THE KID TOLD DOLAN, BOSS! AND I NEVER HEARD OF BUT **ONE RIFTY** IN **ANY** RACKET! HIS ONLY **GOOD** PAL IS GUVVER-- MAYBE THEY'RE BOTH GETTING READY TO SNITCH!



I'VE HEARD OF RIFTY -- HE'S RUMORED TO HAVE HELPED IN THE POST OFFICE ROBBERY! IF I GET THE DOPE BEFORE THE **SPIRIT**, THE MAYOR OUGHT TO GIVE ME A **PUBLIC CEREMONIAL RECOGNITION!**



WAIT! -- I WOULDN'T KNOW THE TWO CROOKS IF I SAW THEM! HOW --- ?



YOU HERE, SPIRIT?

WHERE ELSE? I HAD A MESSAGE TO MEET THESE TWO RATS! THEY WERE GOING TO TELL ME ---



I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I CAME -- TO BEAT YOU TO THEM!

THAT DEATH CAR'S GONE, BUT---

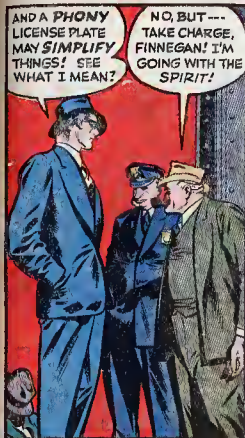


BUT DID YOU SEE THE LICENSE PLATE?

CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT IT WAS A **PHONY!**

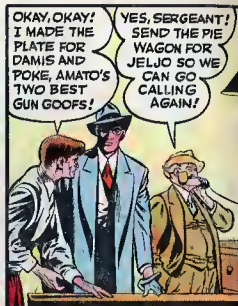
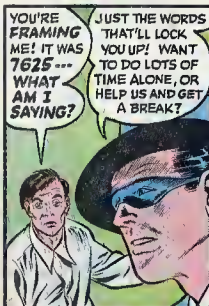


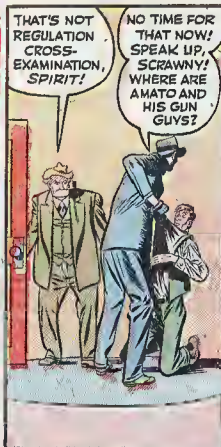
POLICE COMICS



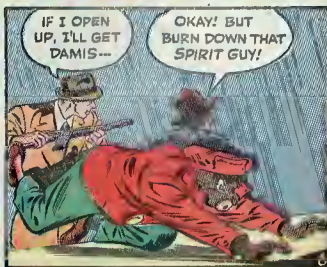
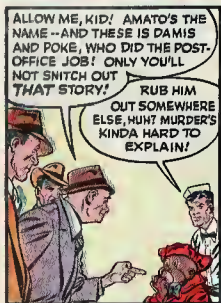


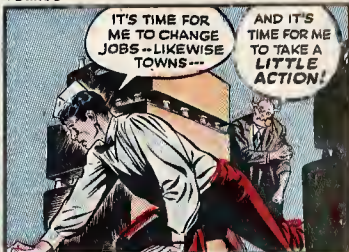
POLICE COMICS















# SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER



WOOZY'S head nodded, and he blinked and sat up straight. Awful easy, he thought, to go to sleep in one of these big overstuffed chairs. And that would never do, because he was supposed to sit here, and keep his eyes open. Plas had said so. Woozy did not realize how out of place he looked in the lobby of this ultra-fashionable hotel. The doorman had looked him over suspiciously as he entered, and the morning-coated desk clerk had been keeping his eye on Woozy ever since.

Opposite Woozy, a redfaced, white-goated gentleman rustled his newspaper impatiently and glared. "Daring Jewel Theft," the headlines of his paper said, and the old man was thinking to himself that Woozy was just the rough-looking type of character who might be a thief. For reassurance he patted the pocket where he kept his wallet, and glared ferociously at Woozy again.

"Funny old guy," Woozy thought. "Looks mad about something!"

Plastic Man appeared for a moment in the outside doorway. They didn't look directly at each other, but Woozy knew that Plas was checking up and he tried hard to look intelligent. It would be a lot easier, he thought, if only he knew what was going on. How long would he have to sit here? And most of all, what was he looking for?

"Just keep your eyes open," Plas had told him, "for anything funny." Suppose he didn't recognize the right funny thing?

It was funny, for instance, the way that old man kept glaring at Woozy. It began to make him self-conscious. Gosh, he thought, maybe in a high-class dump like this he oughta take off his hat! He got up to look for another chair, and a little rug at his feet slipped just as he moved. Woozy tripped, and almost fell on top of the old gentleman.

The old man yelped and drew back, and the clerk started across the lobby with determination in his eye. Undoubtedly Woozy would

have been removed from that particular hotel lobby in a hurry if a diversion had not occurred. The doorman swept open the outer door with a flourish and a woman sailed into the lobby. Tall, white-haired, hawk-nosed, she was the type who demanded attention with every gesture. The clerk forgot Woozy and rushed up obsequiously to offer it.

"I am waiting for friends," she said, acknowledging the clerk with a glance through her lorgnette. "I'll not register until later."

"Certainly, Madam," the clerk purred. He ushered the dowager to a comfortable seat with much ceremony.

Woozy had scuttled to safety behind a big pillar, from which he continued to watch. Didn't any ordinary people ever come in here? What did Plas expect him to find out from watching people like this! He looked hopeful as the outside doors opened again, but as he studied the group of people who entered his face fell. More of the same.

A dapper little man carrying a briefcase walked briskly across the floor, followed by a distinguished-looking, heavy-jowled old guy. Both, Woozy thought, had that air of high society about them. Behind them came a woman, well dressed, with a rope of big pearls clanking against her bosom, but tall and gawky. A large-brimmed hat threw her face into shadow.

The two men crossed the lobby to the chair where the dowager sat. Evidently they were the friends for whom she had been waiting, for they greeted her and sat down beside her. The long-legged, awkward woman crossed to the desk and began to talk with the clerk about a room reservation.

Hey! Woozy looked more closely at the woman. Something funny . . . well, there was something odd about the way she moved. More like a man than a woman! Woozy peered more closely. The hair that he could see around her hat could easily be a wig. He remembered

## POLICE COMICS

something Plas had told him, and looked down at her feet. They were enormous. Of course a woman *could* have such big feet, but it was darned suspicious.

"If he could just hear her voice! Cautiously, Woozy edged closer to the desk. The desk clerk looked up and frowned severely at him; but the woman didn't pay him any attention and went on addressing the clerk in a high, falsetto voice. It certainly sounded false. Woozy was sure she was a man in disguise.

She, too, settled down in a chair in the lobby. This in itself was suspicious. For one woman to do it, to meet friends, was natural. But for a second woman, for no apparent reason, not to go to her room, was darned funny. This, at least, was the way Woozy reasoned. Picking up a newspaper, he selected a chair facing the suspicious woman and sat down. The newspaper, he thought, would explain his presence. He was being very subtle. After he'd shaken out the paper in front of his face he peered over the top. Though the woman seemed to ignore his presence, she had outmaneuvered him, for she had turned her chair so that her big hat brim came between her face and Woozy. Her actions could be perfectly natural, but Woozy felt more and more certain he was on the right track. However, he must get a good look at her face!

Suddenly the woman's handbag slipped from her lap to the rug. Woozy was on his feet in a second and had leaped to retrieve it. He straightened up with the bag in his hand, expecting to look up directly into the woman's face. Instead, he saw only her back as she called across the lobby.

"Manager!" she squeaked in her high voice. "This man is annoying me! I want you to do something about it!"

"Wh-what?" Woozy gasped, feeling his face turning red. "I was not! I just wanted to return your..."

But the manager had raced across the lobby toward them, and from another direction came the heavy footsteps of the hotel detective.

"I am very sorry, Madam!" gasped the manager. "I'll have this... this character removed at once! I would have done so sooner,

but I didn't want to create a disturbance in the lobby."

"Hey!" Woozy cried. "You got it all wrong!" I was just..."

The hotel dick put his heavy hand on Woozy's arm and Woozy turned gratefully toward him.

"You're just the guy I wanta see!" he gasped. "This woman..."

"I wanta see you, too, pal," the dick said. "Right out in my office. Come along quiet now."

"But you don't understand! I gotta stay here! I can't leave..."

Despite all he could do, Woozy found himself being firmly urged across the lobby in response to a painful grip on his ear. Just as they were about to leave the lobby, they heard a shout from behind. The detective turned, and Woozy with him.

A strange sight met their eyes. The dapper little man, no longer so dapper, was struggling to get through the outside door. Clamped on his shoulder was a hand that came, unbelievably, from an arm stretched across the lobby by Woozy's suspicious woman. Her other arm was stretched out to hold the heavy-jowled man, while one foot was firmly planted to hold the dignified dowager pinned in her chair.

"It's Plas!" Woozy gasped.

"Plastic Man!" the detective yelled.

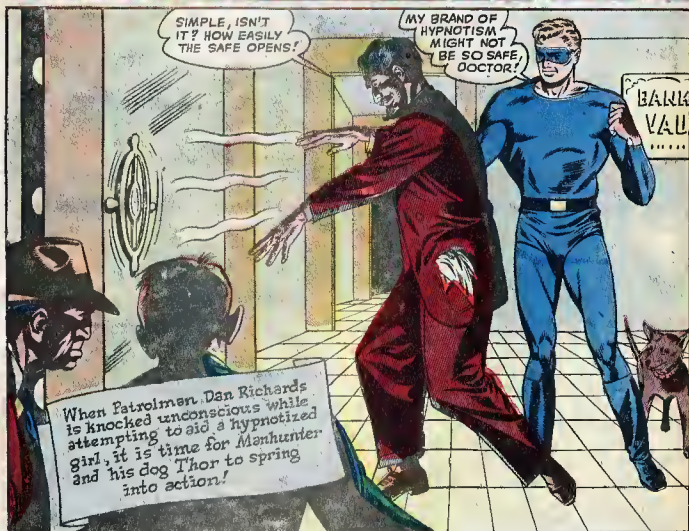
"And these," said Plastic Man, indicating the dowager and her two pals, "are the 'Dutchess' and her accomplices. I've been on their trail since they committed the big jewel robbery last night—but I didn't want to make a move until she transferred some of the loot to the men. That way we could prove charges against all three of them. They made the transfer while all eyes were watching Woozy create his little scene!"

After the police had arrived to take away the jewel thieves, Plas looked at Woozy and shook his head. "And the only suspicious character you could find," he said, "was me! I had to have you taken away, or you'd have given me away!"

"The trouble is, Plas," Woozy said sadly, "you don't have enough confidence in me!"



# MANHUNTER



HEY! SERGEANT SMITH IS GETTING TO BE A PRETTY GOOD ANNOUNCER! HE DOESN'T STUMBLE OVER WORDS THE WAY HE USED TO!

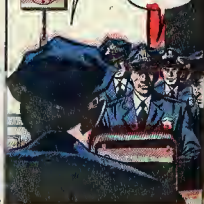
MISSING SINCE 10 P.M. YESTERDAY, MADGE WILLIAMS, AGE 21, HEIGHT 5'6", HAIR BLONDE...

NO TIME FOR THE RADIO NOW, MEN! WE'VE HAD THREE KIDNAPPINGS AND THREE BANK ROBBERIES THIS WEEK! I SUGGEST YOU THINK ABOUT THEM FOR A CHANGE!

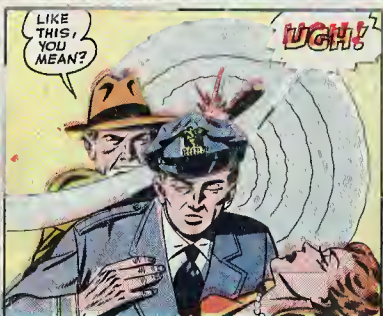
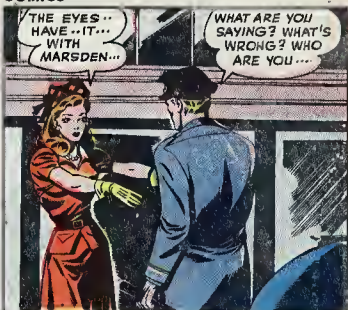
IT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, SARGE!

YOU BET, DAN! NOW, MEN, YOU'RE GOING ON DUTY IN A FEW MINUTES! TAKE NO CHANCES... SHOOT TO KILL!

THAT'S IT, SARGE!

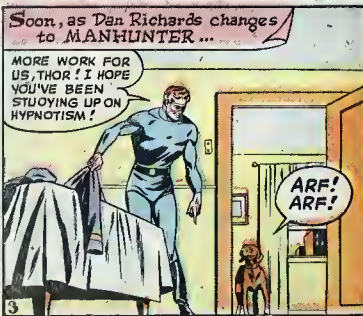
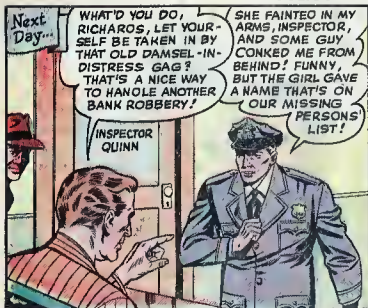


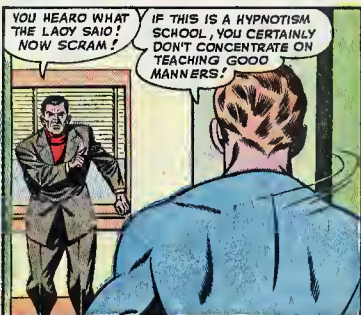
POLICE COMICS

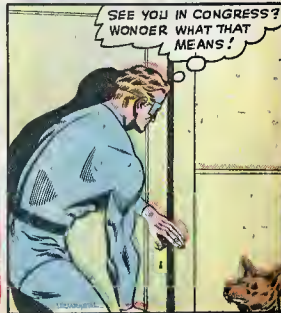
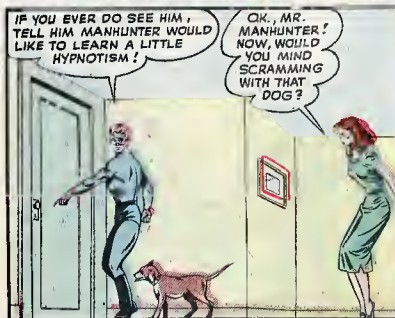
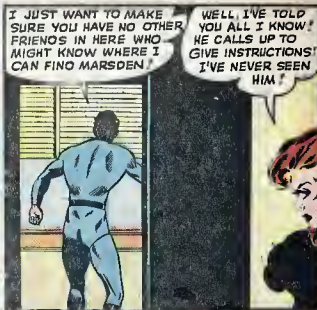
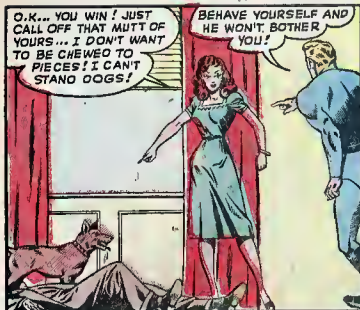




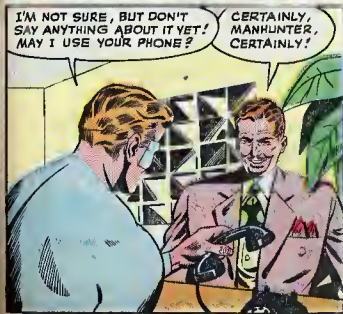
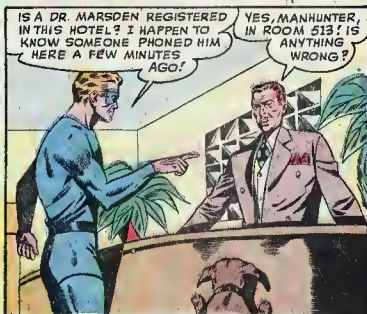
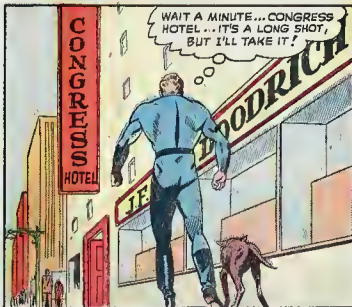
# POLICE COMICS



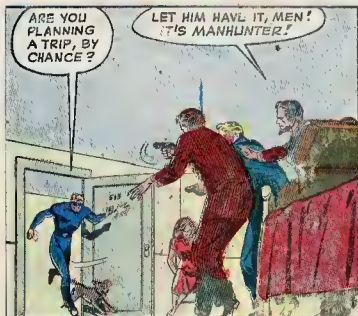
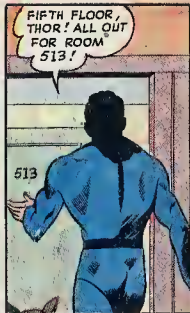
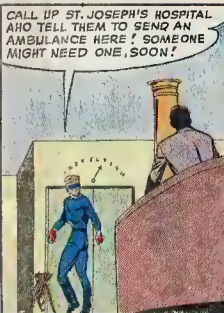


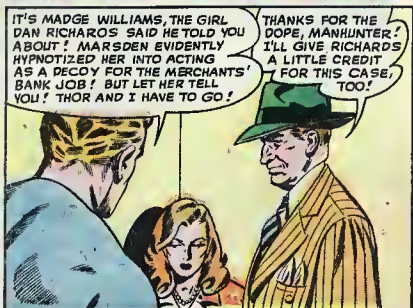
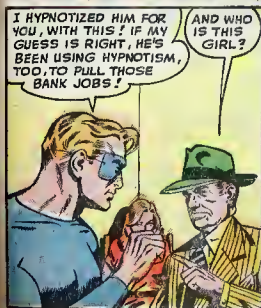
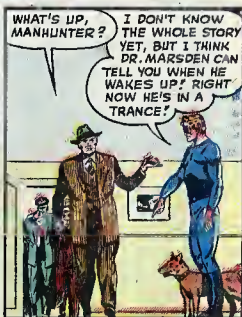






POLICE COMICS







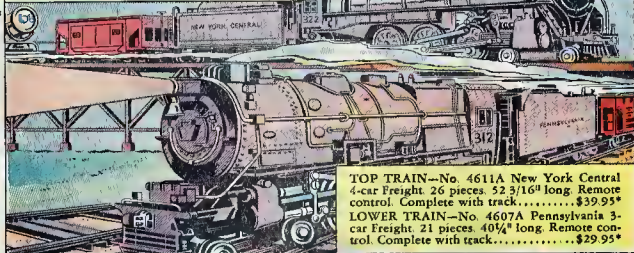
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WATCH 'EM PUFF SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke . . . the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



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## NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION



HISS-SSS

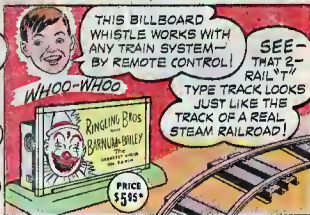
WHO-O-O  
...WHO-O-O

NEW YORK-  
PHILADELPHIA-  
CHICAGO-AND  
ALL POINTS  
WEST!

ALL ABOARD

PRICE  
\$14.95\*

CHUG-CHUG



THIS BILLBOARD  
WHISTLE WORKS WITH  
ANY TRAIN SYSTEM--  
BY REMOTE CONTROL!

SEE--  
THAT 2-  
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TYPE TRACK LOOKS  
JUST LIKE THE  
TRACK OF A REAL  
STEAM RAILROAD!

WHOO-WHOO

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The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real--hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

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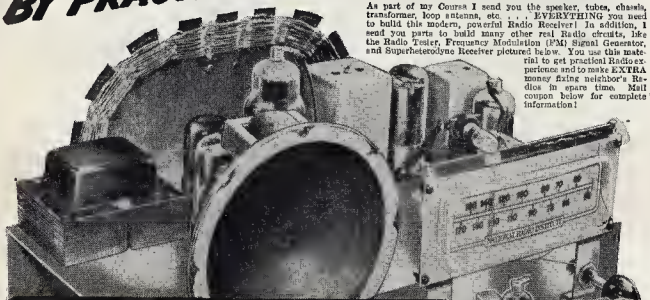
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FELLOWS!

Here's a real  
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Get this lightning  
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1000-shot Air Rifle, with  
5 tubes of shot. Sell one  
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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror  
—exquisite—beautifully decorated. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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All Metal Cap Pistol  
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Full-size ball with  
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for person-to-person calls, between  
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Flashlight batteries, included.  
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Standard size  
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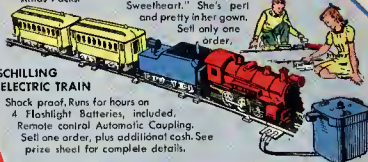


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you'd love to own "Peggy  
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I will resell them at 10c each, send you  
the money, and get my prize.

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